



# Love



153 14 17

## Chapter 1 by Laura

I once heard a story  
Of how the earth loved the sky  
And how rain was their way of holding each other  
The rain was like tears being let out  
Like the truth was finally revealed  
Naturally, I started to think  
That maybe  
That is why I could not bring myself  
To love anyone  
I cannot shed tears like the sky  
I cannot soak them in like the Earth  
Without those tears  
I have no way of holding anyone  
Which pains me  
For I  
Have fallen in love

## Chapter 2 by mindy bebee



when the language of rain  
is in need of  
translation.

when the parallel lines  
have  
crossed when pages of  
stories are skipped  
to the end unread.

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rain touches the lonely,  
rain is weaving  
the hearts  
with dreams.

rain colors the lonely  
arching in color  
touching the sky.

droplets of water  
through your window glass  
tapping of comfort  
of watering eyes.

### Chapter 3 by celestac



"why are storms named after people?"

If rain is love

and people are kind

why is the rain that tears apart cities

named after people

"mama, why are storms named after people?"

The sky sends hurricanes of fire

and we name it after ourselves

We can't love like the sky loves the earth

we can't love like the ocean loves the shore

or the sun loves the moon

We can't destroy like that passion can demolish

"Why are storms named after people, mama?"

People don't think,

they feel

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Chapter 4 by GUBUNNUNOT



They have hearts,

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emotions and feelings

Stones may be those,  
who go after shillings!  
2 forms it takes;  
Love and destruction,  
Its according to it,  
We are compelled to function!

### Chapter 5 by Quake



rain was the way,  
the sky touched the ground.  
  
the mountains were the way,  
the earth touched the sky.  
  
but there hands never meet.  
  
the ground shakes from sadness,  
the sky thunders from madness.  
  
they say the world will end in sadness  
and when it will  
the sky will fall and the ground will rise.  
and they will meet at last  
two lovers forever apart  
meet for the first time  
and maybe the last

Chapter 6 by Greta

the thunder swept it all away  
everything that happened  
and the day was now the earth's.

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lightning bolts were the electric kisses  
the sky and the ground shared.

i believe we need to love as the sky loves,  
as it creates life for the ground  
and never misses a day.

the sun and moon aren't so lucky.  
they wave goodbye everyday,  
and never see eye to eye.

instead, they sit alone,  
morning and night,  
until one very lucky moment,  
when we see what is called an  
eclipse,  
when the sun and moon finally meet.

they share a kiss,  
for they know  
they will not see each other  
for a long time.

the most tragic of lovers  
do not waste a moment  
as they embrace  
and even the sky appreciates it.

### Chapter 7 by Ria



i could have loved you  
that day in the rain

i could have danced  
sang  
kissed  
cried

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i could have been so much more

but

i've always been scared  
of the rain

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